Nightmares by Boydo

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Summary:

El Hopper can find people with her powers. She doesn't always have to go looking to find someone she would rather forget.
Written from Eleven's perspective.

1. Nightmares

Author's Note:

> A one shot I wrote in my spare time. If you guys want me to, I'll turn it into a multi chapter thing.

'As irritating as the setback may have been, it was only one lab which had to be shut down. Now we can say we shut our operation down, show doubters the evidence and then continue work here.' The voice chilled her to the bone, sending shivers down her spine. She thought she would never hear that voice again. So soothing but so terrible. She remembered the things that voice had asked her to do. Then she heard another.

'What about the experimental setbacks?' She didn't recognise this voice.

'It is irritating that the experiments escaped, so few even survived let alone exhibited anything of interest. More can be created but there is one I want reclaimed. The potential is immense. I want subject eleven reclaimed, it is the pinnacle of our work thus far.'

She could barely stand to listen to the voice but she couldn't stop. She was trapped, stuck listening to that smooth, dangerous, voice demand her return. Call her an object, just something to be tested, improved, or discarded as he saw fit.

She felt a new presence, heard a sound, barely perceptible in the silence left after that monster had stopped talking. She felt herself being dragged away from him, away from the darkness. As she opened her eyes she saw Mike, worried face being blurred by the tears streaming from her eyes.
'El, are you alright. It was just a dream, none of it was real. It's going to be alright.

'I heard him.' She choked out through her loud sobs.

'Heard who?' Came back Mike's anxious voice.

'Papa.'

There was absolute silence for a few seconds before Mike began to protest, 'It was just a dream El. Brenner's gone, the Demogorgon got him.'

The slight waver of his voice didn't reassure her. 'We don't know that, what if he escaped. He said he wanted.' She had to stop speaking for a moment to compose herself. 'He said he wanted me back. He was talking to someone else about the lab, saying that there were others. Talking about starting the experiments again.'

'El, the lab was shut down a year ago. Brenner has been gone for two years. It's just a dream, a really messed up dream.' He didn't sound sure of himself as he said this.

'What if he's not Mike. What if you're wrong. If he comes after me he might come after you too. He might come after the others as well. I need to know for certain.' She was scared to suggest it. She had banished the thought whenever it appeared, far to scared of what she might find.

'What are you suggesting El?'

'Looking for papa.' She said with a slight waver of her voice.

'If it'll calm you down then ok, do you need anything?' He asked apprehensively. He definitely thought this was a bad idea.

'I'll need a sensory deprivation thing. Do you still have that paddling pool we used last time?'

'No, I think the lab guys took it from the school when they raided it.' Mike said with a look of intense concentration on his face.

El looked over to the small digital clock on her bedside table, it had just gone seven. Maybe they'd be able to get hop to help. It was a weekend so they could probably go to the school and use the de-icing salt again.

She was about to suggest this when she heard hop's heavy footsteps outside her door and then it hit her. Mike was supposed to be

sleeping on the couch. He had ended up lying in her bed comforting her. She barely had time to brace herself as she heard hop throw her door open and release a loud, angry proclamation of 'Wheeler, my one rule was you sleep on the couch so what the hell are you doing in my daughter's bed!' He looked ready to kill.

Mike on the other hand looked like a deer caught in the headlights. Completely terrified and unable to speak. His mouth moved but no sound came out.

Hopper noticed El's red puffy eyes and immediately forgot about Mike. 'What's wrong? What happened El?' He said in a worried tone as he hurried over to her and pulled her into a tight hug completely ignoring Mike who was still looking terrified and seemed to be trying to disappear before hop's attention turned back to him.

Choking up once again she said 'I saw papa.'

He had the same reaction as Mike but she knew it wasn't a dream. She needed to know for certain so she took a deep breath and asked.

The moment she asked about the kiddie pool hop knew exactly what she wanted to do. 'Ok, if this'll help you with putting that psycho behind you I'm in. I'll get the pool at eight then we'll go to the school at nine, there shouldn't be anyone there at the weekend.'

She let out a breath she didn't know she had been holding, 'Thank you.' She said.

As hop was about to leave her room he turned back and said 'Wheeler, out. Don't think I've forgotten about you.'

Mike gingerly climbed out of bed and slowly walked towards hop and out of he door. She listened intently, trying to hear what hop was saying. She climbed out of bed and moved closer to the slightly open door.

'I'm not going to kill you this time Wheeler. You did the right thing going to comfort her but I'd better not find you like that for any other reason, you hear me?'

El barely heard Mike's terrified and quiet 'Yessir.'

It was a few hours later when El was standing next to a mostly full pool of water, gently placing an egg into it and hoping it float. She had lost count of the sheer volume of salt they had poured into the pool.

She was far more excited by the sight of an egg floating in water than she should have been. It was all ready, the goggles had been made, the radio sat ready. All that was left was El. She slowly took of her socks and shoes and lay In the pool, the strange feeling of weightlessness enveloped her as she put the goggles on and heard the crackle of static fill the air.

She stepped out into the inky expanse of the void, water splashing as she stepped forward. She thought hard and turned. Her chest tightened. Her head felt light.
She was right.

Outside of the void sitting by the pool both Mike and Hopper's faces became ashen as they heard the tinny sound coming from the radio.

'Surveillance on the area will begin again on Monday, we are assuming experiment eleven hasn't moved far. We should be able to pick up information about her before long. I assure you gentlemen, that I shall have as much if not greater success in the new facility.'

Hopper's face paled at the silky smooth voice oozing from the radio. Mike's face took on a look of horror, he had been wrong.

El sat up tearing the goggles from her face, tears streaming from her bloodshot eyes. She had suspected he was alive but this... this made it real, no longer just a hunch, an unwelcome thought but concrete evidence. She had seen him, his severe face more lined than she had ever seen it but the smooth, hateful, voice was unchanged.

What was she going to do? how would she deal with this? She had no idea. The deadline of Monday was terrifyingly close, almost surreal in its immediacy. She clambered out of the pool and fell into the warm embrace of hop. His checked shirt slowly soaking through as he held her wet frame to himself.

2. It's Never As Bad As It Seems

Summary for the Chapter:

> Mike, El and Hopper have to deal with everything that has happened. It helps that they're not all alone.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Thank you all for the support on the first chapter, I'm so glad you wanted me to continue. School starts again this week so updates will be irregular. Without further ado, enjoy the chapter.

Everything was a blur. She didn't know what to do. Why couldn't everything stay like it had been before? Hop and her happy in the cabin, Mike visiting her, sometimes bringing his other friends as well. She didn't even mind Max anymore. She was going to go to school soon; learn to be a normal child. All of that ruined because of Papa.

She numbly realised she was being ushered back towards the car. She felt Mike's comforting arms wrap around her shivering body; soaked clothes entirely forgotten. She heard hop come back to the car and heard the slam of a door. Mike looked like he was saying something but the roar of the car's engine drowned it out.

Her mind was in turmoil, a terrible loop of sad thoughts. Papa's back, he's coming to get me, I'm going back to the lab, Papa's back. Over and over, drowning out everything else. Her mind stuck like a broken record almost like Mama.

She was snapped back to her senses by Mike, he was gently shaking her while saying 'Come on, let's get you inside.' She was grateful for his arm wrapped around her body, she wasn't sure she was strong enough to get back inside by herself.

Mike led her over to the sofa just as hop came inside 'Don't worry, I'll find out what's going on.' He said as he pulled the phone from it's bracket and quickly dialled a number. She was surprised by hop's angry tone. 'Owens. Meet me at the usual place in half an hour. We

need to talk.' She heard the start of a response begin to come from the receiver as hop slammed the handset back onto the wall. 'I'll be back later, don't leave the house unless you need to.' Hop said in a much softer tone as he closed the door, this was shortly followed by the receding sound of his engine as he drove away.

'Let's get you into something dry, you'll feel a bit better after that. Ok?' His voice was comforting and she was happy when he came back with an armful of sweaters and sweatpants. Being Mike though, he quickly headed back into her room and called out 'Tell me when you're changed.'

He was always so noble, she was grateful for the warm change of clothes. It immediately helped, being warm and dry. Being cold and wet still gave her bad memories of when she'd escaped. Wandering aimlessly through the pouring rain, scared and alone. That day had been terrible and amazing, she had been lost in the rain, the bad men had got benny, the first adult to help her, she had opened the gate, the Demogorgon had escaped. Also, she had escaped the lab, she had been found by Mike, she had found friends.

Instead of calling Mike back out she walked over and opened up her bedroom door. She found Mike sitting on her bed, he looked up quickly. She walked over to sit next to him 'What are we going to do?' she asked him despairingly. He'd always known what to do before so she just hoped that he'd have an idea, some plan to make everything right again.

Mike's response crushed her hopes: 'I don't know.' She didn't know what to say to that. Mike had always had a plan before, some idea. Even if it wasn't the best, it was always a plan to cling to and place her hopes upon but now… now she was lost. What could she do, she was just the same small scared girl who had sat in Mike's basement two years ago; barely able to speak and looking like an escaped convict which, she guessed she sort of had been.

She was broken from her thoughts by Mike's warm arms wrapping her in a tight embrace. For a brief moment she felt safe, like nothing could hurt her, that moment passed all to quickly though. The same fears about the bad men came back. What if they hurt her friends to get to her, what if they hurt hop? Even worse what if they used Mike

to get to her, hurt him so she would do what they wanted. She didn't want to imagine it but it was something she believed those monsters capable of. 'What if they come for you?'

'I wish I knew, we got away from them last time but I can only hope it'll work again.'

'I hope so.' Was all she could think of.

'Hey, maybe when the chief comes back he'll have a better idea of what to do. At least we know they're coming.'

'Yea, I guess so.' She said, as she gently pulled him down with her as she lay down on her bed. Mike looked nervous as he lay down, then she remembered hop coming in earlier. She didn't blame him being nervous, 'Hop said it was fine if you were comforting me.' She said with a soft laugh finding Mike's fear of him funny and slightly adorable at the same time. She knew hop would never actually follow through on any of his threats… probably.

The two of them just lay there, not speaking for who knows how long. A sense of peace making all their problems seem slightly smaller. They didn't know what to do right now so they didn't worry about their problems, they just lay there in each other's arms simply content. This was all shattered by the violent noise of hop's car speeding up to the house. She heard the secret knock and unlocked the door, not bothering to move. The next noise she heard after hop closing the door after him was the fridge being opened. If hop needed a beer immediately, his meeting with Doctor Owens had gone badly.

Mike suddenly jumped up, obviously realising he didn't want to be found lying next to El on her bed by hop twice in one day no matter what the reasons. She didn't want him to move but they'd have to move to talk to hop anyway so she guessed it could have been worse.

Hop came in just as Mike had moved to sitting on the edge of her bed, 'I'm surprised Wheeler, I hadn't expected you to be sitting on the edge of the bed. I'd kind of expected you to be lying next to El right where the sheets are all ruffled up.' he stopped speaking for a moment so Mike could let the fact that he was totally busted sink in then continued. 'The doc was kind of helpful, not as much as I

would've liked but he told me there are four other labs, two more in the east. One in New York, one in Florida. One in the south, in the middle of Texas apparently and one in the west, somewhere in California. Apparently, the news about Brenner still being around is a surprise though. I'll tell you more over some lunch. Come on.'

Mike looked sheepishly over at her, obviously embarrassed about being caught and got off the bed. 'We'd better not keep him waiting.'

She reluctantly moved from her bed. Talking to hop about the problems would make them real and she didn't think she was ready for that yet. She knew she had to though, no amount of ignoring what she had seen, what hop and Mike had heard would make it go away. She pushed open the door and sat down in an empty chair. Hop was making her favourite comfort food, she didn't eat egos that much anymore but today was different.

'So, what did the Doc tell you?' El asked apprehensively. If she was going to do this then she might as well not dance around the topic.

From the toaster hop replied 'I'm not going to sugar coat it, this is bad. Owens said that he thought that the lab would lose interest, he was wrong there. Apparently, he's got word that there are some new people coming to town on Monday; it correlates with what we heard Brenner say. Probably setting up some sort of outpost here. Heightened surveillance is going to make everything harder, I don't want to have to suggest this but it may be the only option.' Hop took a deep breath and El knew she was going to hate whatever came out of his mouth next. 'If the lab people know about you and Mike having a relationship then it will be suspicious him coming to a cabin in the woods regularly, especially with more lab people around who aren't sympathetic like Owens.'

Hop didn't need to finish the thought for El to know exactly what he was suggesting. She didn't think she could take another 353 days of separation from Mike. What if it was even longer than that. 'No.' she interrupted bluntly.

'El, stay calm.' Hop said in a slightly nervous tone, probably remembering what had happened a year ago when she had broken the windows and thrown everything about. 'I'm not saying that we're

going to stop you contacting each other again. He can't come over as often as he does at the moment but we will work something out.'

She was placated slightly at this but still didn't like it. She guessed this was another com-promise except she wasn't halfway happy. She wasn't very happy at all. Deciding to change the topic onto something she hated less, she asked 'Did the doctor say anything else?'

'There's some good news, not much but some. Owens said that the labs didn't know where you were and still thought I lived solely at my old house. I might have to spend more time there to keep up that illusion though, I might have to leave you alone for a day or so at a time every now and again.' He let out a long sigh of frustration. She knew he hated this as much as her.

Mike spoke for the first time 'My mom still thinks I'm at the Byers, I should probably go before she gets worried.'

'Please stay.' El said, a tone of desperation in her voice. If she might not be able to see him again for who knows how long she was going to spend what time she could with him. She gave a pleading look to hop who looked conflicted.

After a moment he sighed and walked over to the phone, 'Joyce, are you there?' he waited for a moment. He seemed to have gotten a response because he then continued 'Would you mind calling Karen and telling her Mike is staying another night. I know, I know but this time they deserve more time. I'll tell you about it when I get the chance.' After this he turned back to them and said, 'I'm trusting you. Enjoy you extra time together but remember Wheeler, those rules definitely apply.'

Mike gave a nervous gulp as hopper brought the ego extravaganzas over to the table. They all ate in relative silence, everyone still unsure of what to say after the recent revelations. After she and Mike had finished she dragged him from the table towards the couch. She turned the T.V. on and the two of them just lay there cuddled up to one another in front of it, trying to forget the day's horrible revelations. Just lying there with him made her feel happy. Next to him she could even forget Papa… for now at least.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you enjoyed please leave Kudos and comments, they help me write faster. See you next chapter.

3. Plans Change

Summary for the Chapter:

> Being left alone is always worse when you don't know how long it will last, or if anyone's coming back at all.

Notes for the Chapter:

> I'm back, I hope you enjoy this chapter.

The harsh sunlight shocked her awake, streaming through the open curtains of her bedroom. This confused her for a moment, she was sure she had fallen asleep on the sofa with Mike; hop must have moved her in the night, he would definitely have left Mike on the sofa. She quickly got out of bed and headed to get some breakfast, she didn't remember having anything other than the ego extravaganza yesterday so she was starving. She walked through the door to the sight of Mike sleeping at an uncomfortable angle on the sofa, head cocked to the side and pressed against the armrest. He looked so peaceful, as if none of the problems of his waking hours followed him into his dreams. She wished she could say the same about her dreams.

She quietly took a bowl out of the cupboard and filled it with the first cereal she could find, some off brand lucky charms this morning. Hop had left her just enough Milk for her cereal, she shivered at the thought of having to eat it dry which would be Mike's fate if he wanted any. It all seemed so mundane compared to the threat of the lab people discovering her, only a day till they arrived. She assumed hop must be doing something to do with the lab because he rarely left the house on Sundays for any reason. Knowing him, he definitely wouldn't leave her alone in the house with Mike for anything less than vital.

She had finished her cereal and begun to get bored waiting for Mike to wake up when the roar of hop's car shocked him awake. It was a frantic man who rushed in through the door, 'Wheeler, wake up. I need to get you back to your place quick. El I've got some more food

in the car, you're going to have to manage on your own for a few days. This is worse than I thought.' It took her a shocked moment to take in the extent of hop's nervous tightly drawn face. She had seen him shaken and scared so little that it was almost like a new person.

Mike was groggily sitting up on the sofa rubbing his neck, he looked bewildered by the situation he'd awakened into. El realised that this might be the last time she saw him for who knows how long, she rushed over to him and wrapped him in a tight hug. After a moment she snuck a kiss, the warm feeling it caused in her chest was tinged with sadness. This would probably be the last one for who knows how long.

A terse cough from hop broke the two of them apart. At least he wouldn't kill Mike on the way back to his house, otherwise he wouldn't have turned such a blind eye while the two of them were on the sofa together the day before. It was little comfort however, everything would be different from now on. The long and corrupting arm of the lab, destroying everything it came into contact with. A tight hug from hop was the last thing before he rushed out of the door almost dragging Mike behind him, leaving her in a confusing whirlwind of emotions.

The oppressive loneliness was the first thing she noticed after hop drove off. He had barely left but the knowledge that he wouldn't be back for days on end, that Mike would be absent for even longer. She didn't think she could handle another 353 days. She went back to her room to lie down again, hoping that the comfort of her bed would alleviate the cold emptiness of the small cabin. She was soon disappointed.

Burying her head in the pillow she turned on the T.V. just for some noise, something other than her to fill the void left by everyone driving off. It didn't help much but it was better, it made the aching loneliness a little easier to ignore. She thought about trying to do some work, something to distract her but she couldn't find the will to move from her position on her bed.

El lay on her bed, face pressed into the pillow for a while. She didn't know quite how long it had been but when she got up again the sun was high in the sky. A new resolve filled her, if the bad men were

going to come back after her she would be ready. Up till now she had avoided using her powers for anything but the most boring of chores. Why get out of bed and clean her room when she could stay in bed not moving a muscle.

She looked out of the window and raked her eyes over the forest floor around, looking for something suitable. She noticed something perfect, it was a large tree trunk left over from a storm which had blown it down a few months ago. She remembered hop cutting the branches off it that summer for firewood. It had left the perfect object for her to practice with.

After taking a few pieces of toilet paper from the bathroom she stared at the log and reached out to it with her mind. Rage flowed through her like a hot river, seething and boiling. The bad men were the focus of all of it. They had taken her childhood away from her, they had driven her away from the first people who had been nice to her and now they had torn her world apart again. The log flew up into the air and hung there, motionlessly hovering just below the canopy.

El felt a small bead of blood begin to trace a path from her nose. She hadn't tried to do anything like this for more than a year at this point, she was out of practice. She began to lower the tree trunk back towards the forest floor much slower than she had launched it into the air. After the trunk had touched the ground again she lifted it high again, just like she had seen the people on T.V. do it with weights. She knew that lifting things with her mind wasn't quite the same but she didn't have a better idea for how to practice her powers.

The trunk began to blur into a metronome, moving up and down; over and over again, for what felt like hours. She kept this up until she felt the blood which had been slowly been collecting on her upper lip begin to form a damp wet patch on her shirt. She was broken from her almost trancelike state by the sticky damp sensation which caused her to drop the log from what must have been almost ten metres. She cringed at the thunderous thud and the sharp crack of any twigs lying where the tree trunk had fallen.

She quickly reached for the toilet paper to stop any more blood from dripping onto her shirt, it would be a nightmare to try and remove it

she though idly. The sound of her heavy breathing filling the room, she was more tired than she had expected. A quick glance at the clock told her why, she had been lifting the log for close to an hour. She didn't think she had used her powers for so long at once before.

She headed back to the kitchen, she needed some food and a drink to deal with the headache which was coming on. That was something she hadn't had to deal with for years. She couldn't be bothered to make anything complex so she put the kettle on and pulled a pot noodle from the cupboard, hop thought they were disgusting but even he admitted they were convenient.

Over the next few hours she tried lifting the tree trunk a few more times but each time she tried she felt a pounding headache coming on so eventually she ended up watching soaps on T.V. for the rest of the day. It ended up feeling like most other days where she would wait for hop to come home from work and ask if there was anything other than soaps on T.V., except he wasn't coming back today.

Later that evening she crawled exhausted into bed, the T.V. was still blaring in the background trying to eliminate the loneliness. The sound helped ease her into her fitful dreams, she wasn't sure she liked them any more than being awake. Her dreams were the usual terror filled jaunts which she could ignore, that was till they changed. Everything went black, a voice started booming from nowhere and everywhere at the same time.

'Begin the operation, we do not currently have the asset's location but we have a list of people who we believe to have associated with it in the past. Take an aggressive line of questioning if you must. Report all findings by eight PM sharp, further orders will be delivered tomorrow. Do not allow the public to link your enquiries to the laboratory operations, we do not want another shutdown situation.'

She woke up in a cold sweat, the sound of that smooth cold voice still sending uncomfortable shivers down her spine. It was happening. They were here. She pulled her covers close to her chin as she curled up shivering, unable to contain a small sob.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for reading, if you enjoyed please leave comments and kudos. I don't know how long this fic will be but I'm going to start moving towards my intended end so sit back and enjoy the ride. The next chapter should be out in a few days :)

4. Waiting Is Hard

Summary for the Chapter:

> Left on her own, how will El cope with the thoughts swirling around after another visit from papa.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Sorry I haven't posted in a while, work piled up and I didn't have any time to write. I hope you enjoy the chapter.

Everything was a blur for her, the sound of the T.V. in the background to quiet to really hear but at least it was there, warding off the tense worry which silence brought; the feeling of being watched in the silence which now seemed to be there, in the back of her mind anyway. She barely remembered getting out of bed, breakfast, anything much; it all seemed so irrelevant, so insignificant compared to everything else going on at the moment.

The worst thing was not knowing what was going on, just waiting for hop or Mike to knock on the door. She didn't want to imagine the alternative, someone less welcome on the other side of the door. The bad men finding her. She tried to distract herself from her thoughts and for a time it worked, immersing herself in the books hop had bought her to help her learn English. The comforting leafed pages she had flipped through countless times as she sat on the very same sofa.

El had forgotten about her problems for a while but, a while wasn't enough. The thoughts always came back again, the tense anticipation for the moment that the front door would burst open unleashing a tide of bad men.

The hours passed and began to blur together, she didn't even know how long it would be till hop would be home. How would she handle another day of this isolation, two more days? What if nobody came, just left her alone in the cabin along with the problems she brought with her? They wouldn't do that, she hoped they wouldn't.

She had another go at lifting the log. At least she felt like she was doing something rather than sitting here waiting for the bad men to find her. Sitting on the sofa trying to distract herself from her fears and hoping that hop would be able to make her problem go away. That the bad men would just give up.

Every passing second felt like forever but when she lay down in her bed, still filled with nervous energy, she felt like she had only woken up moments before. She tried to hold off sleep for as long as possible, trying to avoid hearing papa's voice again. She succeeded, for a while at least, but eventually her heavy eyelids became too much for her to hold open.

It was there again, she braced herself for the horror of what was to come. She had been hoping that this wouldn't happen tonight. She had wished she would get through the night without torment. She had been wrong again.

'Do we have any useful information yet?' the voice was cold and impatient. He talked about finding her as he would talk about loosing a pencil, the lack of care evident in his voice. She was an object to him and nothing more. A tool for his own gain.

'We have questioned most of those who were deemed most likely to know her location. From what reports have said, we can assume that these people have knowledge of her in some form.'

'Good, were there any people who responded unusually to the questioning?'

'Of the four children who were assumed to know about the project, three responded with surprise and did their best to avoid questions about locations. While we suspect they may know, it may also be possible that they were suspicious of the questioning due to their involvement with the incident and their prior interactions with the lab. The fourth of the children whom we suspected to have useful information was more interesting however. He didn't seem surprised when we showed up but tried to act as such, almost as if he had prior knowledge of our arrival. The report says that they wouldn't have noticed this lack of surprise had the investigators not been paying close attention to his face as he opened the door. It took far longer

than expected or usual for an expression of surprise to form. The rest of the questioning was unsuccessful however.' It had to be Mike, who else would be described as a child and not be surprised by the bad men showing up.

'Very interesting, I would like files on the unusual interview sent back to me for further review. Are there any of the suspected who you haven't interviewed yet?'

'The current outstanding names we haven't interviewed yet are the police chief Jim Hopper, Steve Harrington who has had ties to both the Wheeler family and the Byers family in the past who are both under high suspicion and Billy Hargrove, who has family connections to one of the high suspicion children.'

'Very well, I would like the files from the police chief sent directly to me when they are collected; Leave no detail unmentioned. Treat the others as normal. I would like wiretaps set up on the houses of all people who gave answers in relation to the girl which seemed to be concealing information. I want all phone conversations from these households recorded so they may be looked over at a later date.'

'Very well sir, I will update you on further developments tomorrow.'

As the second man finished speaking she woke up, almost as if she had been held asleep by their awful conversation. She hoped hop would be save even with the lab coming to talk to him.

The rest of the day slowly passed in agonising slowness while she tried to distract herself from her visions, that's what she was calling them now. She hated not knowing and at least in that respect, she was glad for the visions. If she didn't get them then she wouldn't have any idea what was going on until hop came back, if he came back at all.

She spent her hours doing menial tasks, anything distracting in the slightest. She even ended up rearranging all the furniture in her room for an hour. It took her time and some bloody tissues to get everything moved to where she wanted it. The change wasn't spectacular but she was proud of herself in a small way. She had accomplished something at the very least.

Despite her few moments of relief from the boredom, she was also plagued by fear. What if someone let slip where she was without realising. There were lots of people who knew she was here at this point, some of them who she didn't know that well like Dustin's mom and Lucas's parents. She didn't even know Mike's parents very well but she was sure they liked her enough, even for Mike's sake to make sure nothing would get back to the lab. She couldn't help but be nervous.

The one thing which truly scared her was one thing papa had said, use aggressive interrogation tactics if you must. She wouldn't be able to handle it if her friends got hurt trying to protect her when she was the one who put them in danger. They had already done so much for her, she didn't want to repay them with injury from the bad men.

Many hours later she sat in her bed, the sun long since having gone down almost anticipating the probable vision which would plague her in her sleep. As much as she hated hearing papa's voice, the cold and uncaring smoothness it carried, she wanted to know what was going on. She didn't want to be kept in the dark any longer waiting for hop to return. It took her longer than normal to fall asleep, her anticipation being counterproductive to her efforts but she was rewarded with the same cold voice echoing through the mind. What she heard however, chilled her heart.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Thanks for reading, if you liked it please leave comments or Kudos. I'll hopefully be back with another chapter soon.

5. Lost and Found

Summary for the Chapter:

> Mike has been taken, El and Hop try and work out where he's being taken to.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Sorry for being gone so long, I'm making no promises about when I'll update again so thank you for being patient with my non-existent update schedule. On a better note, I know how I want the rest of the story to go, I just need to finds some time to write it now.
> Enjoy the chapter :)

El felt herself being shaken awake, Hop's bearded face swum into view, her vision still blurry from the tears which had flowed freely while she slept. Any other time she would have been happy to see him but now? Now, his presence wasn't enough to overcome what she had heard. She glanced past Hop trying to catch a glimpse of anyone else, hoping beyond all hopes that she had heard wrong; almost anything was better than the alternative.

'Honey, I have some bad news. This might be hard to hear but let me finish. We are going to find a way to fix this. It's Mike, Brenner's people seem to have gotten bored of waiting for you to appear and have taken things into their own hands.'

It was with a heavy heart which she replied, all her fears confirmed. She hadn't misheard, it hadn't just been a terrible nightmare. 'I know, I heard.'

'I was supposed to pick him up this morning and take him to school, but, he wasn't there… wait what do you mean, you know?' Hop said with genuine confusion in his voice.

'I hear Papa every night, when he's getting his updates. The bad men are going to talk to you today, they'll be suspicious if you're not there.'

It looked like Hop needed to take a few seconds to compose himself, ‘You can hear what Brenner talks about in his updates, is there anything you think might be helpful?’

‘They were suspicious of Mike because he wasn’t surprised when they turned up, I don’t want them to take you too.’ She said. It was a this point that the reality began to set in. why did everything have to be so unfair? She hated it, everything that was going on. She hated papa more than anything, she was on the cusp of having a life, a normal childhood. She was going to go to school, with Mike, and her friends. Now he had taken everything.

It took her a while to notice Hop’s worried voice, getting louder and louder, sounding terrified. She was so angry that when she heard it, she just didn’t care. The unfairness of everything building up, overflowing in a tidal wave of fury.

When she came back to her senses, the sight of Hop’s terrified face finally causing her anger to subside, she felt a gentle thud she felt her familiar bed beneath her, something she hadn’t noticed missing before. This feeling was followed by the sound of everything else in her room hitting the floor, including Hop. It finally hit her, what had happened, what she had done. She knew why Hop sounded so scared.

Kali was right, anger made her powers stronger. Far stronger than she realised. She felt Hop’s secure embrace as he begun whispering meaningless platitudes to her, how everything would be alright, how they would find Mike, that she would go to school when all of this was over. It was a nice thought, even if she didn’t believe it. How would they beat Papa? They would need to if they wanted Mike back. The one thing she clearly remembered from the night before was Papa’s cold harsh voice saying, bring the Wheeler boy to me.

After a minute or two of silence, Hop’s angry voice broke the tense silence. ‘I wish we knew where he was, last time at least we knew Brenner was at the lab. Now he could be anywhere in the country and we wouldn’t know any better. We don’t even know if him and Wheeler will be in the same place, we could drive halfway across the country to find Brenner and not find Mike.’ He let out a loud sigh of exasperation.

‘They’re going to be in the same place, Papa wanted Mike brought to him.’ Saying this out loud caused her voice to shake involuntarily, she was still denying that he was gone, still praying that he would walk in through the open bedroom door and comfort her like he was always able to. As much as she wished that she was wrong, she knew she wasn’t. Her powers had never shown her something wrong before.

After hearing this, Hop’s eyes widened. A look of deep thought crossed his face as he absentmindedly said, ‘I have to go, Brenner’s guys will get suspicious if I’m not there for the interview, I think I have an idea but I’ll tell you later when I’ve got a plan.’ As he left there was a small smile on his lips. If Hop had an idea then there was a chance, however small that everything would work out alright.

It was a few hours before hop came back again but he had returned with a small radio, and a stack of photos. ‘I’m not sure if this will help much but it’s the best I can come up with so far. I was thinking that it might be possible for you to use your powers to look for Mike and see if you can find out anything about where they’re going, then we might be able to narrow down where they’re taking him.’

It wasn’t a bad plan, she would be able to find out how he was to even if they didn’t work out where he was. It wasn’t perfect but at worst it was halfway happy, as long as he wasn’t hurt. ‘I’ll do it, do you have a radio?’

‘It’s just over here, I’ll go and set everything up.’ Hop said as he walked towards her room with the radio and the photos. She was nervous but she had to do it, she needed this to work, she needed to find Mike. She didn’t know what she would do if he was hurt but she hoped she could keep it together, Mike being hurt by the bad men was something she had never truly allowed herself to imagine before now. She still had nightmares about her time there, before she had been saved by Mike. He was being taken to the place she wouldn’t wish on anyone, even Troy, even after what he had done to Mike.

After a few attempts to put her blindfold on to block everything out, she had to get Hop to do it for her because her hands were shaking so much from the trepidation of seeing Mike hurt. Even the chance of that was almost too much for her. She almost stopped herself from

entering the void, stop herself from seeing him hurt, bringing her fears to life. She was scared of making it real.

After a tortuous moment the blackness truly enveloped her, not just the darkness that you get when you close your eyes but a darkness of everything. She couldn't see anything, there was no sound, no feeling. The strange feeling of nothingness which she thought she would never return to. Just being here brought back reminders of the long and painful wait for Mike to be reunited with her, the bad men forcing her to find people, to release the Demogorgon.

After she had taken some time to calm herself down, she looked for Mike. El didn't have a better way to describe it, she wanted to find him and there he was, behind her. Her heart almost stopped when she looked at him, his pale face had a large bruise on the right side and his upper lip was covered in dried blood from a split lip. That looked like it was all that had happened to him but it still looked painful. He was lying on the floor of what appeared to be a large van next to a table with a box of syringes in numbered slots with numbers on them, no, times. They must be drugging him at the times listed so he wouldn't wake up. She counted seven syringes, five were already empty. She knew this might be important so she spoke up, knowing Hop could hear her through the radio.

'I can see some syringes with times on them. There are seven with markings every hour, five of them are already empty.'

After telling Hop she had a look to see if there was anything else there. She couldn't see anyone else there, but that didn't mean there wasn't anyone around. She hoped that they would be able to find him. After taking in Mike's bruised face for a moment longer, she couldn't take it any longer. She quickly left the void, ripping the blindfold from her face with little hesitation. The moment her eyes adjusted to the sudden change in light she glimpsed Hop almost running out of the room to find something; he was back before long with a large road map of the US, she hoped he had a good idea.

Almost speaking to himself, El heard hop muttering to himself while he drew circles on all the places he knew there were labs, 'seven syringes, one hour each, if they gave him the first one when they set off then it's six or so hours away.' He was silent for a short while

afterwards before he exclaimed loudly, ‘Yes! El you’re amazing. You’ve only gone and God damn done it.’ As he enveloped her in a tight hug.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Hope you enjoyed the chapter, please leave a comment to help me find the will to write; I'm finding it kinda hard to find the motivation at the moment.

6. How Safe Do You Feel?

Summary for the Chapter:

> How safe are you when you're hiding in the shadow of a monster.

Notes for the Chapter:

> I'm back guys, exams are done so I should be updating more regularly now. Enjoy the chapter.

That El was nervous was an understatement, she was confused and lost all at the same time. She still couldn't bring herself to believe that they had worked out where Mike was for fear of them being wrong. She couldn't bring herself to even entertain the possibility that everything would all work out for fear of being crushed by the disappointment if he wasn't where they thought he was or worse, if they couldn't rescue him.

She sat in silence for the long journey to New York, just praying they had chosen the right destination. El had never been religious, in the short time she had been exposed to religion it had never convinced her but the tedious journey was filled with her praying to any religious figure she could remember being mentioned. She didn't even really believe that any of it would help but it did something to soothe her nerves, maybe just the idea that she might be doing something useful rather than sitting in the seat of Hop's car. She was sitting in the car going to rescue Mike from the Government; they only took him because of her, why did they have to take Mike. The whole journey, it felt like she was dragging a ball and chain of guilt behind her, pulling her deeper into her seat as she almost tried to disappear from view. She didn't deserve to the one free from the lab, it should be her not Mike.

She didn't notice that they had arrived until she felt hop's hand shaking her back to reality, accompanied by his low rough voice, 'come on, we need to get inside somewhere. We have no idea who could see you here.' He was right of course, there were probably more cameras clustered on one block of New York than the whole of

Hawkins put together and they had no idea which ones the Government were watching through.

After they had booked a room at a cheap motel on a seedy back street, somewhere which looked like it had been free of government intervention for decades, Hop began to speak, 'Thankfully, New York was the lab which Doc Owens had the most information about. That means we actually know where it is unlike the other places. My current plan is I'm going to go in tonight and try to get Mike back. While I go, you need to stay here and be ready to leave the moment I get back.'

'No, I'm going with you. I want to help!' El said with a tinge of anger in her voice.

'Listen to me El, you're what they really want. If you go in with me, we might be able to get Mike back but I'm not taking the risk that get you instead. This is non-negotiable.' Hop said, raising his voice while pacing exasperatedly. She had seen enough of this mood before to know there was nothing she could do to convince him.

Even though she was going to do what he said, she replied with 'Fine!' in a petulant tone, then stormed over to the other side of the room. It wasn't as dramatic as storming out of the room which she would have been able to do at home but in a cheap motel, there was only one room so the other side of it was more dramatic than nothing. She sat like this for a while, the only sound being the shockingly clean and new air con in the corner of the room.

El waited nervously as the minutes slipped by on the surprisingly functional clock hanging on the wall. It didn't feel like long till Hop stood up from the bed where he had been sitting motionless for who knows how long. It was time, everything came down to this. Either he would come back or he wouldn't come back; she didn't want to think about the second option, it felt almost as if by thinking about it she was allowing it to be possible. It was as if imagining the event could bring it true.

The door to their small room swung closed with a sense of finality, now all El could do was sit and wait until hop came back. She didn't dare dignify the niggling voice in the back of her head which never

truly went away, softly whispering seductive possibilities in her ear. Why would hop come back, she brought nothing but trouble. What if Mike wasn't here, they could have been wrong easily. If they were wrong then the other labs would be alerted when this one was broken into and they would never find him.

It was so easy to just give in to the little voice, give in and give up. How could one person successfully break into and out of a secure government building and rescue someone at the same time. Some small part of her, the logical reasoning she possessed agreed with the small voice. It was only the omnipresence of her emotional thoughts keeping everything else crushed into a small corner of her mind.

Sitting on this bed was getting boring, nerve-racking too. The longer that she sat here, the longer hop had been gone and the more likely it was to be discovered. She had to hope that hop would be back soon, they could all go home and this would all be over. At least that's what she wished would be possible, home was barely any safer than this dodgy motel with the lab almost breathing down its neck.

Eventually El was ripped out of her thoughts at the sight of a small cloud which was quickly flowing from the air con, she knew she had to get out. She didn't know what the cloud was but she knew well that it couldn't be anything good. She tried to open the door but it was locked from the outside and she yelled in frustration and got ready to blast the door open. It was too late however, in yelling she had taken a breath of whatever was in the cloud. She just about managed to snap the door from its hinges and as she was dragged into her dreams, she saw a group of people dressed in white overalls and gas masks. She recognised those outfits; her worst fears were coming true, she was going back.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Hope you enjoyed, I should update again soon. If you enjoyed please leave comments and kudos.

7. Who Do You Really Believe?

Summary for the Chapter:

Everything comes to a head

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm finally getting around to posting this, it's been ready for a while but I haven't found time in-between the site crashes so here it is. The final chapter. enjoy.

The room slowly swum into focus, from the spotless whitewashed walls to the rough grey floors and finally the shiny chromed chair she was handcuffed to. She looked terrible, hating her reflection in the large mirror off to her left. She was back and she hated it, worse than that she hated not knowing what had happened to Mike and Hop. She thought that her situation couldn't get much worse until he walked in. His hair with even less colour than it had had last time she had seen it, his face filled with more lines, the scars left behind by his life or frowning in disappointment. He sat down in a chair opposite her and she knew that everything had gone wrong; if she had been found and caught, undoubtedly Hop had been found too.

'Predictable as ever aren't you Eleven, all I have to do is take something you want and you'll just come running back home to me.' Brenner said in a sickly voice, with the expression of a bad poker player with a royal flush. He was relishing in the feeling of victory and making sure she knew it. What he said next almost sent her into shock, 'Of course it helps if you have a man on the inside, did you know that the police are employed by the government…'

She didn't want to believe it, she couldn't believe it. Did that mean Hop had been working against her the whole time. Her head was spinning and she felt slightly sick, if he was telling the truth she didn't know if she could cope. She had no argument, just a statement, a phrase that she was clinging on to like a shipwrecked sailor to a broken mast, floating with nothing but one thing to keep her afloat, 'You're lying.' She croaked out hoarsely, her throat dry and tight with emotion.

He let out a sharp bark of laughter, wolf like and predatory. ‘How do you think we found you when you escaped at first, you think I would just send most of our security to a school without being tipped off by someone that what I wanted was there.’

‘Why did he keep me safe from you then, tell me that.’ She said, desperately grasping for anything to redeem the man she had once though of almost like a father, a real parent not like papa who was so smugly sitting there as he tore down her world around her.

‘keep you safe? yes, from me? No. I was not in control of the lab at that time, what good would it do me to have you running off to another part of the country before I had the means bring you back to me, it would be idiocy. Why not have the friendly neighbourhood cop, the one who had been so helpful finding the Byers boy to protect you from the big bad lab, hah, why do you think he forbade you from leaving to often Eleven, he was keeping you under house arrest. Think of him as your babysitter while I was moving homes but here we are, your new home. Welcome to my brand-new lab. It took me longer than I expected to be allowed unsupervised control so I could bring you back.’ He finished with a small smile on his face which never reached his eyes.

She didn’t know what to do, she was lost. About to reach into herself and use her powers and not stop, never stop. She didn’t care if it caused her eyes to close for the last time because what did it matter, she would be stuck here for the rest of her life anyway, nobody outside who hadn’t betrayed her. She would rather take anything over being stuck in the lab again, subject to a life of poking and prodding, tests and injections all day every day. Being the good little lab rat. A deep burning desire built up within her, she wanted to attack him, kill him even. As she reached deep inside herself for her powers she was interrupted by his voice.

‘I wouldn’t do that if I were you Eleven,’ he clicked his fingers and a screen flared to life on the wall, ‘anything you do to me or the staff will be done to Mike. If you behave, he will be fine so I suggest you sit still and do to what you’re told.’

After hearing this she slumped back in her restraints, she had no clue what to do. She was powerless and they knew it. She wished she

could talk to Mike, he would know what to do or at least he would be able to come up with some far-fetched ideas. Anything would be better than the all-encompassing feeling of failure, she had come to save Mike and now not only did she fall right into the lab's trap; Mike would probably never leave so long as she was here so papa could have control.

She just sat there unresponsive as the doctors ran their first set of tests, occasionally glancing at the screen on the wall to remind herself why she wasn't attacking the lab workers. It was an uncomfortable and long process as everything from her blood pressure to the health of her hair was meticulously tested and recorded. It felt like they were making up for all the testing they had missed out on for the last few years.

When they finally finished she was led back to a new yet familiar room if you could call it that, a small and uncomfortable looking bed on one side which she sat on as the large metal door was closed behind her leaving her alone with the harsh artificial light imbedded in the ceiling and a small bowl of mushed food. The memories of innumerable evenings just like this flooded back to her, the same ending to almost every day of her childhood; thrown back into the room with the same almost unpalatable bowl of mush and maybe when she was much younger, some paper and colouring pencils. Those days are long gone now but just being back in this place makes them feel like only yesterday.

This tedious cycle of discomfort and boredom continued on for three days before anything new happened, they just kept taking measurements and health checks not even getting her to use her powers. It was on the third day however, some time after she had been shut inside her room. She couldn't even guess at what time it really was because she was isolated in her windowless room most of the day or what she thought was a day.

The door slowly creaked open and a face appeared, one she had hoped never to see again. Jim Hopper's bearded face filled the space between the heavy door and the blank wall. She was sorely tempted to slam the door closed whether he was in it or not but remembering that anything she did to the lab workers would be done to Mike just about stilled her hand. He came in and hurriedly said, 'come on kid,

we're getting out of here. Hurry.' It was this which made her snap. She slammed the man against the wall, knocking the breath out of him and held him there.

It was with a raw and rough voice she choked out through sobs, 'Don't call me kid you monster! How could you do that to me, to Mike. I trusted you!' She couldn't bring herself to speak to him anymore, not even look at him, she just lay down on her bed and wept into the rough and uncomfortable mattress.

Her sobbing was interrupted by his shocked voice, 'What are you talking about, what did I do?'

'Why are you acting like you don't know.' she coldly replied

'I don't know what I did but this is not the time, we need to get out of here. We don't have much time before someone notices the guards I knocked out.'

El wasn't sure what was going on or if she believed a word he was saying but she decided that the worst that could happen is that he was lying to her just to mess with her then she would be thrown back here. She finally released him and stared coldly at him, 'Move.'

She cautiously followed him as he crept slowly along the corridor, she didn't know where he was leading her but at this point she almost couldn't bring herself to care. She had found when she was younger that it was easier to deal with the lab if you gave up caring anymore and just obeyed thoughtlessly, anyway, if it was meant to be a trick by the lab; the less she cared, the less it would hurt.

She was jerked out of her thoughts by his hand on her shoulder, she had to resist the urge to throw him away from her. She barely noticed when he asked her to carefully open the door he had stopped them next to with her powers, they had finally decided to start testing her.

She was glad she had payed attention to his instructions as the door slowly swung open on its well-oiled hinges rather than being blown off in her anger. The terrified face staring back at her was enough to crack her composure, until now she had been successfully keeping a

blank exprssion. Anything to make it seem like this whole ordeal wasn't affecting her as much as the lab wanted. Mike's pale face staring back at her, illuminated in the artificial light streaming through the open door, she rushed over and buried her face in his shoulder gently sobbing into it and quietly repeating the same thing over and over again, "I'm sorry, this is all my fault." She had been trying to ignore the fact that without her, Mike would still be free, he would have a chance of a life beyond the sterile white walls of the lab.

They were interrupted by him, his heavy once comforting hand on her shoulder now an unwanted reminder of where she was. Sitting inside a small, cold cell in the belly of the beast with one of the few people who hadn't betrayed her, who had lost his freedom because of her.

'We've got to go, we don't have much time before the lab works out we're gone.' He said in a hurried whisper.

Reluctantly she got up and dragged Mike with her, time to move on to the next lab scheduled torment. She didn't recognise the path the man was leading her down, it was somewhere she hadn't been dragged yet, it was almost certainly going to be some specially built room just for her; her very own custom-built hell.

She was brought from her thoughts once again by the man asking her to open another door, it looked heavier than the one she had to open earlier. They were probably testing how far she could go so they knew how big they needed their door to be in order to keep her secure. It was slightly harder to open this one and it was far stiffer, as if it hadn't been opened for a while. The real shock came when she finally heaved the door fully open. The moonlight streamed into her face shocking her into stillness, she was outside. She was free.

His gruff voice commanded the two of them to follow him and almost in a trance they obeyed, she couldn't quite believe this was happening. It must be some kind of hallucinogenic developed by the lab, or some intricate and carefully controlled trick to finally break her. It didn't become real until the silence of the night was shattered by the shrill shriek of the lab's alarms. They had discovered that their precious test subject and Mike were gone. The one thing she couldn't

quite understand was Him, he had given her to the lab and was now helping her escape; it just didn't make sense.

He led them on a winding path around innumerable blocks until she had no idea where they were, it was a complete shock when they burst around a corner and were suddenly confronted with what looked like a forest. She looked around and was curious as to why neither of the other two were surprised by the presence of so much green in the middle of a city. He just led them through the gates and into what she guessed was going to be their hiding place until they could come up with a plan to get far away from here.

They kept going until they were deep in the forest, they wouldn't be safe forever but just maybe long enough to come up with a new plan.

Despite her hopes, it wasn't enough time. They barely had enough time to scramble up into a tree, having to drag Mike up with her powers before eight armed men burst out of the undergrowth sweeping the forest floor with their torch beams. Then she heard it, the voice which kept haunting her. 'Come now Eleven, I know you're here. You've had your fun now it's time to come home.' It was cold and emotionless, a dangerous undertone sending a shiver though her small frame.

She saw it at that moment, almost too perfectly set up. Just out of the view of the horde of lab soldiers, intent on recapturing her was a fallen tree; a slew of memories came crashing down upon her of the hours she had spent practicing, training her powers the moment she realised Papa wasn't gone. She steeled herself and tried to clear her mind, it looked far heavier than the one near her cabin. This would be hard but she had to, she couldn't see another way. If she didn't do this Papa would come back for her, again and again no matter where she was. She reached out with her powers and heard the rattle of eight guns point straight at her.

'Now now, Eleven. I suggest you stop using your powers. From what I've observed, you aren't fast enough to stop a bullet, let alone eight. It would be such a waste if I had to give the order to fire.'

In shock she lost a hold on her powers. How had they known? It just didn't make any sense. Before she could think any more, she heard

Papa's voice return 'Come down Eleven, as I said. It's time to come home, you've had your fun.'

After taking a few moments to process what he had said, she came to a terrible realisation. He said she couldn't stop eight bullets and she was almost certain he was right but that wasn't what scared her. The thing which scared her is that she didn't care. She didn't care she couldn't stop the bullets, anything was better than the rest of her life confined as a test subject, her only choice was between life in hell or no life and she was sure of her decision.

She whispered to Mike and Hop, he had earnt that name back by his actions today. 'climb down and get away,' she swallowed, her throat dry as she prepared to make possibly the last lie of her life, 'I'll follow you soon a different way so they'll have a harder time finding us because they seem to be able to track me.'

After the two of them had silently climbed down, she stood behind a branch and waited a moment. It was time, she reached out again with her powers and heard the sound of eight guns cocking again overshadowed by the confused shouts of Mike and Hop who did not yet understand what was going on. She heard the same warning issue from Papa while she continued to lift the tree, unseen and unheard by the soldiers. This time she refused to comply, refused to stop. Just as she was bringing the log over the top of the solders she heard Papa's voice ring out for a final time. 'A shame… Fire!'

She felt pain explode through her body, trails of fire igniting in her limbs and finally a short pain in the back of her head as she lost her footing. Her last feeling was of falling and then nothing.

She didn't know what was happening, she was warm and her head felt full of cotton wool. She had no idea where she was or how she got there but she wasn't complaining. She finally opened her eyes when she felt a bright light shine on her, her eyes blinking rapidly trying to clear some of the fuzzy texture of everything she looked at. After a moment she saw two shapes swim into view but she couldn't quite make them out.

She could make out a voice faintly, it was saying something but she couldn't understand what it was saying. She ignored it for a while but

soon she started to feel a deep ache in her leg and arms then a few moments later just by her temple. This pain shocked her senses into alertness and heard the voice clearly, ‘Well, it looks like I was right about the morphine wearing off. How do you feel Jane?’

He was wearing a white coat and there was a stethoscope hung around his neck, she was in a hospital. Moments later she heard two sets of hurried footsteps and Mike and Hop’s faces swum into view. ‘It’s done, you did it. He can’t come back this time.’ They both said at the same time. With that she felt her need for sleep overcome her once again, the relief which washed through her was better than any drug. She was finally safe. All of the madness was finally over.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Thank you for sticking with the story, sorry for all the irregular posting but finally it's done. Please leave comments and kudos if you enjoyed the story.

Author's Note:

> Thanks for reading. If you enjoyed, comment and leave kudos.